

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 58

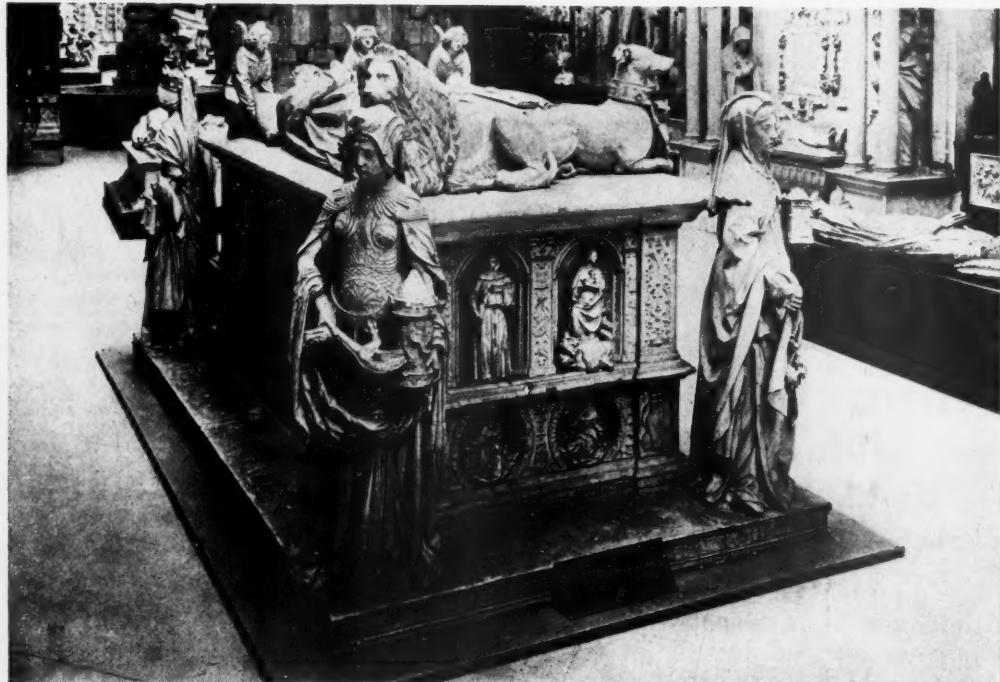
No.

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AUGUST, 1925

Price 10

Cents



TOMB OF FRANCIS II. AND MARGUERITE DE FOIX IN NANTES CATHEDRAL

Our Dumb Animals

U.S. Trade Mark. Registered

FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM

The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy



I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
—COWPER

Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

Entered as second-class matter, June 29, 1917, at the Post Office at Norwood, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized, July 13, 1918

Boston Office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Mass.

Vol. 58

August, 1925

No. 3

OUR congratulations to President Coolidge upon his refusal to take "a day dedicated to peace and convert it into a martial display."

AN International Conference is to be held in Paris September 3, 4, and 5 to consider the various problems facing the humane societies of the world.

WORD from the War Department leads to the belief that an attempt will be made to establish Women's Training Camps and to organize Women's Reserves—the idea being, not that women should ever be drafted for battle, but to combat the sad (?) tendency of our day for peace. What next?

WE believe that the sending of our great fleet across the Pacific is little less than a crime against the peace of the world. Why, in Heaven's name, with the shadow of the most horrible war in history still dark upon us, do anything that will even look like a warlike gesture? There is one place only for the jingo crowd, and if we had the power—let the sentence go unfinished.

THERE are many farmers and fruit growers who would like the birds to put in about eighteen hours a day destroying insect pests, but never peck at a cherry or a grape or a strawberry or help themselves to a few mouthfuls of grain. Do they know how much the market-basket and dinner-pail have been depleted by the loss of birds?

HOW does Japan feel about this visit of our great fleet of fifty-three fighting ships into eastern waters? One Japanese paper says, "The proposed visit of the American fleet to Australia will cast a dark image upon the Japanese mind." Another says, "The visit of the American fleet is a great menace to the safety of this nation." Still other papers are quoted by the *New York Times* as expressing similar views. The common feeling seems to be that advantage will be taken of the visit to foment hostile feeling between America and Japan.

OUR readers may remember that last year an article appeared in the *Christian Science Monitor*, always a devoted friend of our cause, written by a California correspondent which seemed to deny the charges of cruelty brought so often against the moving picture companies of the country. Innumerable protests were sent to the *Monitor*, and, anxious to discover the actual facts in the case, the editor asked Percival P. Baxter, former Governor of Maine, Mr. Rufus Steele of New York City, and Dr. Rowley, president of our two Societies, to act as a committee with full power to investigate and to learn, if possible, just how far the charges were true or false. The *Monitor* made it possible for them to select the ablest investigator they could find. This they did. Mr. Edward G. Lowry, of Washington, D. C., a distinguished American journalist, was sent to California to conduct the investigation. His report, published in full in the *Monitor* of Thursday, June 18, is the result of ten weeks of careful work. We wish we had space to publish it, but we are only able to give the report of the committee itself, which follows:

The charge repeatedly has been made that cruelties are inflicted upon dumb animals in the production of motion pictures. This has caused grave concern to persons interested in humane work, not only because of the physical pain and suffering caused to the animals themselves, but also on account of the harmful and degrading influence upon the moral character of persons, especially children, who witness scenes portraying cruelties.

The campaign against this evil was gaining strength throughout the country up to the time of the publication in June, 1924, of a report in *The Christian Science Monitor*. The correspondent of that paper stated that as a result of his investigation he believed that cruelty to animals was not practiced in motion picture studios and he thus gave a clear humane record to film producers. The article referred to, however, aroused a protest among animal lovers and thus served a useful purpose.

In order to establish the facts on the issue thus raised, the *Monitor* asked the undersigned to serve as a committee of investigation, and placed at our disposal ample funds to employ a trained and impartial investigator. We selected Mr. Edward G. Lowry of New York City, and our conclusions and recommendations follow:

In undertaking this work we are convinced that cruelty to animals in film work is morally wrong and without any justification, and that cruel pictures exert a demoralizing and debasing influence upon human beings. We also

believe that in the future, at least, it will prove to be poor business to make and exhibit such pictures, for the public already is protesting against them and is rapidly becoming informed as to their evils.

PAST CRUELTY PROVEN

In our opinion it has been proven beyond question that cruelty to animals in film production has been countenanced and practiced in certain picture studios, both large and small. As a result of our investigation, which included conferences with the Hon. Will Hays, the head of the largest and most influential film producers' organization, and others, some definite progress toward the ultimate elimination of cruelty in picture work has been made.

The directors of the Association of Motion Picture Producers, under the leadership of Mr. Hays, at a meeting held in Los Angeles, February 19 last, passed resolutions which, if honestly lived up to by both employers and employees in the picture industry, will prove to be a great step forward, and will terminate a distressing situation that has aroused humanitarians the country over. These resolutions are given in full in Mr. Lowry's accompanying report.

As the directors referred to control over 90 percent of the film production in the United States, it is hoped that those who produce the remaining small percentage will follow the example set by Mr. Hays and his associates.

Continued on page 39 column 2

Jack London Club Has Strength

Members Regard Wild West Rodeos as Commercialized Cruelty

THE CAPTIVE POLAR BEAR

*HIS dam lay, powerless now to help,
While fur on snow with one red stain:
A sailor caught the snarling whelp,
Who never swam the seas again.*

*Huge now, he lies behind the bars,
Stretches, and gapes, and idly rolls,
Too soft to face the winds and stars
That freeze above the icy poles.*

*Manly and yellow-toothed and old
He lies, and lolls an inky tongue;
Yet in his brain's most inward fold
Still lives the world where he was young.*

*For still he keeps the sharp fish-head,
The sloping shoulder, the round limbs
To cleave the water, for the dread
Of all that by the icefield swims.*

*Still upon keen, clear frosty days
There comes a stirring in his blood,
Inklings of his forefathers' ways,
Of prey and battle in the flood.*

*He scents the blood of what they slew,
He dreams what he can never feel,
How the snatched salmon quivers through,
And how they tore the oily seal.*

*Forward and backward, like the tide,
With ceaseless motion shambling slow,
He sways himself from side to side,
As if he rode the rocking floe.*

*Or in his tank—how cramped and small
After wide waters of the pole!
Contemptuously from wall to wall
He surges with great wallowing roll.*

*He loves no keeper's hands; cold rage
Haunts him forever in his cell;
Thus far he keeps his heritage,
Tameless and unapproachable.*

From "Collected Poems" by STEPHEN GWYNN.

THE Jack London Club, named for the late author, who first suggested a way by which much cruelty to animals can be prevented, is composed of members who pay no dues but simply pledge themselves to leave a theater or any place where trained animals are compelled to perform unnatural acts. All one has to do to belong to this club is to agree to this. It is hoped all members before purchasing tickets at any theater or place of amusement where performing animals are ever exhibited, will ask if any such features are on the program, refusing to purchase tickets if the answer is in the affirmative. When leaving any place because of any animal performance, always let the management know why you are leaving or going out during that part of the performance, or write a letter to the management after returning to your home. Send your name for enrolment to *Our Dumb Animals*.



International Newsreel Photo

CAPTURED BY COWBOY TACTICS AND SHANGHAIED OUT OF HIS NATIVE ELEMENT, TO LANGUISH FOR LIFE IN THE BARRED CONFINES OF THE CIRCUS OR ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN

WOMEN'S CLUBS DENOUNCE RODEO

THE Washington State Federation of Women's Clubs, in annual convention recently, passed the following resolutions:

Whereas, The commercialized round-up or rodeo, analogous in character to the bull fight of Spain, has become a nation-wide problem in the United States; and

Whereas, These exhibitions are being steadily promoted in the State of Washington in violation of its statutes for the prevention of cruelty, and

Whereas, The contests featured in this class of entertainment consist largely of brutal assaults upon dumb animals by professional purse contenders, and

Whereas, The exploitation of cruelty as a form of entertainment is wholly un-American in principle, a libel on our splendid Northwest, and particularly degrading in its effect upon human character; therefore,

RESOLVED, That the Washington Federation of Women's Clubs protest the further promotion of these undesirable exhibitions within the borders of our State, and

RESOLVED, That the Federation call upon our public officials to enforce the law for the prevention of the same.

A STRANGE PET IN CAMP

EVANGELINE WEIR

OUR common skunk bears a bad name, but he is really a gentle, sociable creature in captivity if treated with kindness and respect. He is keen, clean and curious, and responds to petting from those who feed and care for him.

One summer down in Maine a young wood-pussy with a wounded leg came to a little cabin in the wood and fairly begged to become a member of the camp. He was a gentle, pretty little creature and no one molested him as he wandered about at will. He evidently intended to make it his home, for he begged for food as if he had a right to expect it. When given a bone with meat on it, he accepted it at once, holding it in his paws while he gnawed the flesh from it in a dainty manner. His table manners were very good, for he would carefully wipe his funny little pointed nose and clean his face until not a speck of food or grease remained to soil his pretty fur. He was especially fond of chicken and would eat the last scrap with a satisfaction that left no one in doubt as to his enjoyment.

The kitten showed no fear whatever. He immediately made himself at home and trusted those around him. He was very sociable and tried to make friends with them all. They were not so ready, however, to accept him on intimate terms of friendship. The young daughter, attracted by his pretty coat and manners, insisted upon petting him, though her mother cautioned her to admire him at a distance.

The little creature responded at once, and would follow her inside and outside the camp like a cat. He would come at her call, creep up beside her in the hammock and go to sleep just like a house cat. He craved affection and seemed very happy when she petted him by running her hand over his head and silky coat. He would roll and play like a pet kitten and had funny little tricks in which he indulged to the amusement of all.

The wounded leg was bandaged by the girl without resistance on his part. His confidence or trust in her never failed. He grew so fond of her that he wanted to be wherever she was, much to the annoyance of others in camp. As he was never irritated by any member of his self-selected home, the air was never polluted by the scent expelled when angry or alarmed. He did not rebel when some one took his picture as he sat in the arms of his friend. He looked at the kodak, was curious, perhaps, but remained quiet under the hand he loved.

One night the kitten decided not to sleep alone. He crept softly to the room where his little friend was sleeping and crawled under the cover beside her. After that he was taken to bed every night, much to his delight. Sitting quietly in her lap, he would wait for her to put on his night clothes. She would wrap a towel about his body and tail and fasten it so that it would not be easily removed. Then she placed him beside her on the pillow and both went to sleep. He had become so highly civilized that he did not prowl around at night like other members of his family.

When it came time to close the camp, he was taken some distance away and dropped in the wood to earn his own living instead of depending upon others. Whether he returned to camp is not known, for it was closed a few hours later for the season.

ANIMAL TALK

COULD we but read the language of a cat,
Or the expressions of a vocal dog,
Or half the things the chirping robins tell,
Or the hoarse clamor of a husky frog—
Think of the wisdom that we all could learn—
The age-old wisdom that these creatures know—
The things that have been taught them year by
year,
Through summer's heat and through the melting snow!
They try to tell us, in expressive tones,
The language of the prairie and the wood—
Ten thousand years they've talked to men they
loved,
And yet—how few of us have understood.

Yes, animals have a wonderful language, if we could only comprehend ten per cent of what they try to tell us. And what infinite amusement we could enjoy if we could only understand the things the animals say to each other: Amusement, yes—and perhaps embarrassment. Can you imagine what a sane and sensible dog, cat, or horse must say now and then concerning the people with whom he is forced to associate? Perhaps some of the things they are saying to each other, and about us, may be complimentary—and perhaps they are full of truthful description plus a great reading of our characters!

W. A. PHELON in *Times-Star*, Cincinnati.

KIND WORDS FROM A VETERAN

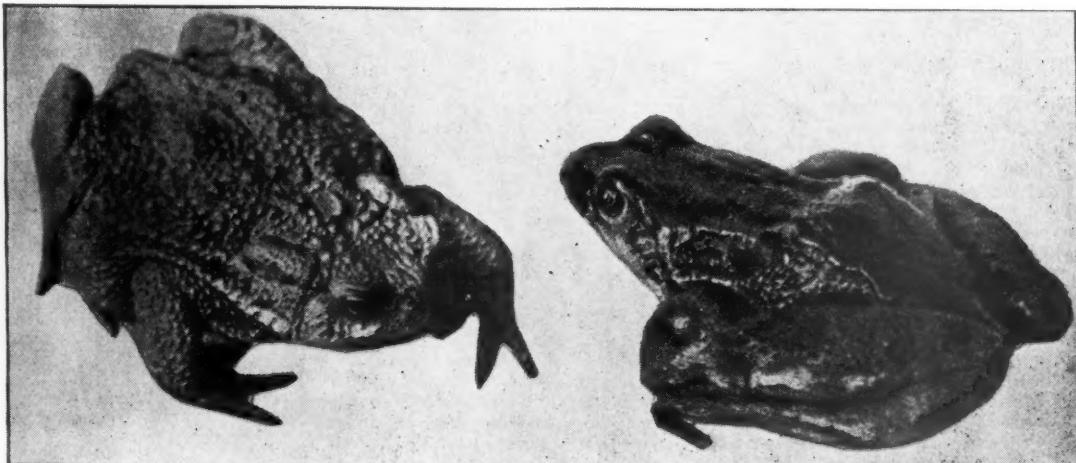
Gentlemen:

Enclosed please find P. O. order for \$5, to be used in your good work—relief and care of our dumb friends, as you see fit. Wish I could make it more but my pension does not permit. I shall be ninety years old if I live till next October 20.

I know God blesses your work for relief of our dumb friends. It has been several years since I last visited your home and I will never see it again, but I have rejoiced in hearing of its prosperity. Sincerely yours,

A FRIEND

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel. Stalls and kennels are marked with the names of the donors.



THE TOAD SQUATS LOWER ON THE GROUND
THAN A FROG

Courtesy of *The Humane Leader*
THE FROG IS QUITE CLEAN-LOOKING, WITH A
SMOOTH SKIN

The Difference Between Toads and Frogs

MANY people have hazy ideas about the differences that exist between a frog and a toad. To them the creature is a frog if it jumps, a toad if it walks. But then a toad can hop quite well if startled, and a frog often walks, so this distinction is quite erroneous. Some of the real differences, however, are pointed out by M. H. Crawford in *The Pageant of Nature*.

There are in reality very many differences, the author states, throughout life, from the egg-chains of the toad and the egg-masses of the frog, to the toothless toad and the frog with teeth in the upper jaw and across the palate. The tongue of the frog is lobed at the tip, but that of the toad is entire. Toad-tadpoles differ from frog-tadpoles in that they are smaller, much darker in color, and rounder in shape. But one of the fundamental differences is connected with the toad's skin excretions, which are admitted to be of a very injurious nature. What precisely the poison consists of may not be quite certainly known, but it is probably of an excrementitious character, and, as such, may be of use in supplementing the action of the lungs in carrying off a portion of carbon from the blood. It is inflammable and acrid, and therefore distasteful to most birds and animals, though it is known that hedgehogs will readily devour toads; this latter fact shatters the theory that the sole purpose of the exudation is to provide a protection for the toad against carnivorous enemies. Experiments show that it is both caustic and bitter, that it has a disagreeable, poisonous smell, and a yellowish color; that, exposed to the air, it becomes solid, and, placed on glass, scaly in appearance. Experiments have also been made with a view to testing its effect on birds and animals, and the results have been sinister and decisive.

It is on record that a child died from being poisoned by these excretions from a toad that he had taken out of a hole. It is possible. But it is also certain that there have been people killed by wasp stings. The outcome depended in both cases on the state of the blood of the person poisoned, and not on the potency of the poison itself.

Is it true that toads can live inside rocks,

with neither air nor food? Assuredly it is not true. It has never been satisfactorily proved that the toads that have hopped out of broken rocks and stones have had absolutely no access to the air.

What has happened certainly more than once is this: very young toads have been washed down into fissures in rocks in stone quarries. The flood that washed the toad down will also wash down after it tiny specimens of insect life on which it can feed; this will happen again and again, and the toad, if it has space enough, will grow; if not, it will die, and nothing further will be seen of it. If it lives, sooner or later a workman may split the rock and release it. The fissure by that time may be almost invisible, filled up with earth and powdered stone and clay; the workman will see the toad, but he will never notice the crack in the rock that admitted the toad. Toads can exist on very little food, provided they do not take exercise; and a toad that had found its way into the heart of a rock by means of a crack would live for a long time in a fairly healthy condition.

Frogs and toads are alike in one matter, they can both easily be tamed up to a certain degree. Flies, and small, quickly moving worms are the best means to employ. Toads are also very sensitive to music, and will come into a room to listen to it. Both seem to like the sound of the human voice.

For some reason best known to themselves, frogs and toads are not happy in each other's company; they are seldom seen together. Otherwise, there are a hundred points of difference by which they might immediately be distinguished. A toad always squats lower on the ground than a frog; its head is also huddled down between its fore-legs. When it is touched or otherwise disturbed, it turns quickly aside and waddles away; it can jump, but it much prefers to waddle, and it can do this very quickly. If you touch a frog it sits bolt upright and stares at you, and suddenly it takes a huge, startlingly long leap. It is able to jump fifty times its own length. A good way to visualize this enormous jump is to compare it with a man's jump over a wall a hundred feet high.

The Horse-King of Missouri

FRANCES JACOBI-O'MEARA

WAY up in the northern part of the State of Missouri, just over the Iowa line, is a small city named Lancaster. As a city it wouldn't attract attention outside of the confines of Schuyler county, of which it is the county seat, since it varies not from the average city of its size in population, business facilities, educational advantages or architectural beauty. Nevertheless it has been nationally advertised through one of its citizens, William Hall, familiarly known as "Colonel Billy Hall."

About forty-five years ago William Hall was just an ordinary farm-hand. He was orphaned at the age of thirteen and his only

horses and by the time he was seventeen owned a carload. He gave up his farm job then and shipped the horses to Philadelphia, traveling with them to see that they were not neglected. Arrived in Philadelphia he disposed of them so profitably that he was able to increase his activities. At the age of 21 he went abroad with a cargo of horses, being the first American to do such a thing.

It was during that and the following year that he climbed the financial ladder two rungs at a time. He sold horses into England, Germany, France, Italy, South Africa, India, and the Hawaiian Islands.

At the end of two years he came back to the United States and settled down in his old home town of Lancaster, Mo. Buying a large tract of ground, he built thereon his first large horse barn. Since then he has added acre after acre and barn after barn, often having on hand over 500 horses at one time. Every horse is treated with the greatest kindness and any helper who in any way abuses one of them is promptly discharged.

Colonel Hall has not forgotten his own starved childhood. He loves children and his pet hobby is furnishing them with Shetland ponies.

His Shetland pony farm is famed throughout the United States. Hundreds of ponies are brought here to be trained as pets. Any little boy or girl of Lancaster can have the use of a pony without charge on the promise to be kind to the animal. But woe betide them if they mistreat a pony that is the property of Colonel Billy. They are deprived of the pet and are forever put on the black-list. He will neither lend nor sell a pony to them ever again.

His love for animals has not grown less as the years have passed and he has traveled over two hundred miles to buy back one of his horses from a cruel owner. Animals instinctively know him to be their friend and show their affection toward him. No animal in his barns or on his farms is ever killed. When their days of usefulness are over they are pensioned for services rendered, and while away their declining years most comfortably with kind masters to minister to their wants.

WHAT IS A WORTHLESS DOG?

DAVID LEE WHARTON

A WORTHLESS dog." How frequently this phrase, repugnant to all lovers of animals, stares impudently into our faces from the printed page, and falls glibly from lips none too worthy themselves. Yet, really, what is a worthless dog? Has any one ever seen a dog wholly worthless? I for one, have not.

I have seen many dogs which possess no monetary value. But the length of a dog's pedigree does not affect his intrinsic worth. The ordinary dog generally called a mongrel, the product of the canine melting-pot, is as intelligent, faithful and self-respecting and consequently as valuable to his owner, as any delicate canine backed up by a strip of paper a yard long. These ordinary dogs, the proletariat of the dog world, are invariably better tempered and far more healthy than the "fancy" pure bred variety.

Take for instance the valiant little fellow known as a "fice." How contemptuously he

is spoken of. A self-important or aggressive man is called derisively, "fickey." Yet as an all-round dog the fice is well nigh incomparable. The best watch-dog on earth! courage incarnate! he would not hesitate to grapple any living creature, man or beast, in defense of his loved ones or their belongings. One of the keenest minds ever bestowed on an animal is in the small head of a fice. No more faithful heart was ever placed in a living body than beats under his nondescript coat. Dictionaries define him variously as "a worthless cur," "small dog of mixed breed," and so forth. The blue book of dogdom does not deign to recognize his existence even. Nevertheless he goes cheerfully and busily on his way. So it is with the plain every-day dog everywhere. He does his duty as he sees it. Also, he is easily fed. As a rule he has never heard of dog biscuits and other especially manufactured dog delicacies, but eats thankfully what is given him.

Then, too, there is always the likelihood of a "valuable" dog being stolen, but with a dog of no commercial value it is different. No one wants him except his "ain folk" to whom he is not and never could be "worthless." Like beauty, worth, possibly is in the eye of the beholder. So while styles in dogs may come and go, the old faithful unassuming dog of the common or garden variety goes on forever.

"SCOTTY"

A. C. GAGE

GROWN gray and dim-eyed in service, "Scotty," the herd-dog on Glen Riddell farms near Monmouth, Oregon, still maintains his leadership over younger newcomers on the big sheep and goat farm which has been his home for more than twelve years.

Scotty is as much an individual part of Glen Riddell farm as the owner or his sons. The intelligence displayed by this cross between the collie and shepherd strain has proved the height of dog wisdom. "Slowing down," says David Riddell, in speaking of this fine herd-dog, tractable, obedient and efficient.

Scotty holds a long and faithful service record. Look at the eyes. They remind one of an old sea-captain long accustomed to keeping a weather eye on things. Scotty is friendly, trustworthy, a real dog; one of the kind that many a sheepherder would like to have but cannot get. He is of no celebrated blood lines, but is honored and loved by all who visit the 3,300-acre farm where he has lived his useful life.



"SLOWING DOWN" BUT WATCHFUL



COL. BILLY HALL—STAUNCH SUPPORTER OF "BE KIND TO ANIMALS"

heritage had been a good name. His worldly goods did not even contain a pair of shoes. His schooling had lasted just three months, and he could neither read nor write. But he was not lazy. He applied to a farmer for work. The man took him for his board and one dollar a week.

The farmer found him a mighty sound investment right from the start. He was capable and willing and never shirked any kind of work. Then he had a great ambition. He wanted to own the best horse in Schuyler county. He had loved horses since infancy, and now that there was no one else to love, all his affections were centered there. His happiest hours were spent in making the horses comfortable. Through his close companionship with them he acquired an almost uncanny knowledge of their habits.

Season succeeded season until a year had passed and he received his first year's salary. He was the happiest boy in the state. His carefully hoarded earnings were invested in a very good horse. Horses were not as valuable then as now. He was granted permission to keep his pet with the farmer's steeds, provided it could be used on the farm when necessary.

He then entered upon his second year's apprenticeship at two dollars a week. From that day forward he commenced dealing in

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts, Boston office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

AUGUST, 1925

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Full return postage should be inclosed with each manuscript submitted.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

STILL, in spite of our new law, horses have perished in stables in Massachusetts which were nothing less than fire traps. As a society we have no power to compel compliance with the law's requirements. Our officers have visited and still do visit stables in the various cities of the state and report to the proper officials conditions as they find them where the law is not being observed. This has been done repeatedly, but little attention appears to be paid to our complaints. That certain stables have been allowed to continue in utter disregard of what the statute demands is a reproach to that department of the State responsible in this matter.

THE FUR FARM

PERSONALLY we believe there is no need for men and women, in all the temperate zones of the world at least, to rob the harmless creatures of wood and stream of their coat of fur in order to keep warm. To wear what has meant torture and death to a fellow creature is to reveal a selfishness that, once the facts are known, can have little excuse. But if one will have the fur adornment, no matter what it means, then why not demand that it come from the fur farm where the creatures bred for their fur can be humanely put to sleep? This is a business of the same nature as that carried on by farmers, and cattle and poultry breeders.

HOW MUCH DO WE OWE?

THERE are many of our readers who will find Bishop Charles H. Brent expressing their feelings in the following:

"We are just now talking," he said, "in terms of payment of money on the part of European countries which were given credits, and as we make our demand on these impoverished people, let us remember that we perhaps owe 2,000,000 men to Great Britain. How are we going to pay that debt? I do not hesitate, in spite of Congressman Hamilton, to say that I have a right to criticize the attitude of our country in this matter of the debts. Let us remember that whatever we do in connection with them, there is another debt America owes Europe which she has not paid. She owes Europe a debt of co-operation. For such co-operation as she has given has been too gingerly given, with a sort of fear, I am afraid, that we might be running risks."

Cruelties in the Film Industry

Continued from page 35

They are certain to do so once they realize that public sentiment demands it.

PUBLIC SENTIMENT

The mere passage of resolutions, however, will not prevent cruelty to animals in the picture industry. An awakened, aggressive public sentiment is needed to supplement and make effective the action of the directors. When picture patrons give both producers and exhibitors to understand that box office receipts will suffer and that picture houses will not be patronized if cruel films are shown, the evil soon will disappear and motion picture animals will suffer no more. Public sentiment is the court of final appeal, and our committee hopes that all who have at heart the welfare of animals will express themselves forcibly to the managers of the picture houses they patronize.

We believe that a decided advance has been made in the humane cause, first by establishing the fact that cruelty has existed and in certain cases may yet exist, and second by the steps now being taken to correct the situation that has been disclosed.

In making an investigation such as the one undertaken by us the fact that the investigator's purpose in visiting the studios may be apparent and that employees oftentimes may not be free to speak for fear of dismissal, complicates the situation. To go to the bottom of every complaint would have required the services of numerous detectives secretly employed as helpers in picture studios. With the time and means at our disposal this was impossible, but we believe sufficient facts were obtained to warrant our conclusions, and justify our recommendations.

Our investigator, Mr. Lowry, made a conscientious and careful study of his subject, and Mr. Hays' sincerity of purpose and his desire to correct whatever evils exist are beyond question. The latter's co-operation has been genuine, and, although his subordinates at times may not obey his orders, should they fail to do so, and he be made aware of it, we believe they will be held to strict account.

This committee feels that its work has not been in vain, for it is significant that the resolutions of the directors followed the investigation; they did not precede it.

In the interest both of fair play to animals and also of the public morals, we believe that all scenes should be eliminated where dumb creatures are coerced to perform unnatural and dangerous acts, whether actual cruelties are practised upon, or foolish "stunts" are required of the animal performers. Bull fights, rodeos, diving horses, stampedes of herds of cattle, animals performing dressed as humans, and similar acts degrade the public taste and cause pain to the harmless creatures employed.

SUGGESTED CRUELTIES

The filming of scenes in which cruelty to animals is suggested and where dummies are employed to produce startling effects, also is condemned by us. Although in such cases living animals are not maltreated, deception is practised upon audiences who are led to believe that living creatures actually are involved in the acts portrayed. The effect of such "faked" pictures is to excite the spectators, harden them to scenes of cruelty, and dull their senses both to the rights of dumb creatures and to man's duty to be kind and merciful toward them. This committee hopes that

the next step forward will be the complete elimination of "suggested" cruelty in film production.

With film studios taking the lead in the right direction, film exhibitors naturally will follow by refusing to exhibit pictures involving either "suggested" or actual cruelty. When this is accomplished the motion-picture industry will be freed from deserved criticism, and will demonstrate that it appreciates the responsibilities it owes the public.

INFLUENCE OF PICTURES

The influence that the motion picture exerts upon the life and thought of the world is tremendous. Those who control this industry well may regard themselves as guardians of the public morals. Approximately 600 feature pictures of five or more reels in length are produced yearly. These are shown in 15,000 theaters to 50,000,000 people weekly in the United States alone. These figures prove that pictures are a tremendous factor to be reckoned with. This industry should strive to attain a position of social and moral leadership and it is peculiarly answerable for any digression from the highest standards. Certainly the rights of those dumb creatures who neither can plead for nor defend themselves should not be invaded, nor should the public taste be degraded in order to bring profit to shareholders.

THE "MONITOR"

This committee was given a free hand by the *Monitor*. We commend Mr. Lowry's report as fair, just and worthy of careful study, and recognize the great service rendered both to the public and the humane cause, and in the issue under discussion, by awakening the public conscience and making people think for themselves, has laid the foundation for the merciful treatment of animals in the picture industry.

In conclusion this committee maintains that there is no excuse for the maltreatment of animals in picture production, and that neither the principals who countenance nor the employees who practice cruelty can escape the odium that properly attaches to them. We believe that at last producers, exhibitors and the public are becoming aware of the importance of this question and that its moral and financial aspects can no longer be ignored. We also recognize the fact that eternal vigilance and ceaseless effort on the part of all interested in dumb animals will be necessary before the cruelty evil is entirely corrected.

Signed: PERCIVAL P. BAXTER
FRANCIS H. ROWLEY
RUFUS STEELE

THREE tired hunters were walking along the road and as a cart passed them one called, "Will you give us a lift?" "Get in." When seated the driver turned around and said to one of them, "Well, who are you?" "I am the Emperor of Austria." "Hm. And who are you?" to the next one. "I am the King of Italy." "Hm, hm. And then who are you?" to the third. "I am the Emperor of Germany." He turned around to his horse, when one of the three said to him, "Now who are you?" "I am the Pope of Rome."

AN old gentleman said to some girls who were talking very loud at the opera, "My dear young ladies, please talk a little louder; the music makes such a noise I can't hear half you say."

Work of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals



Scenes in the Angell Animal Hospital, NevinsRes

Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Represented in Pictures



nevins Rest Farm at Methuen, Ambulances and Autos



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor
WALTER M. KENDALL, Treasurer
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

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Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark, Virginia
Seymour Carroll, Greenville, South Carolina

Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

THE NEWTON JUNIOR HUMANE SOCIETY

WE mentioned in our last issue the splendid service rendered our Society by the Newton Junior Humane Society. This organization is composed of a group of enthusiastic and very capable young ladies, still in their teens, headed by Miss Virginia Pratt, a great lover of horses and whose father owns a number of blue ribbon ponies. They gave an entertainment in Newton which netted for our Hospital \$256.10. We acknowledge with gratitude their welcome gift.

Remember the American Humane Education Society when making your will.

GEORGE FOSTER HOWELL

ALL humanitarians who knew him are mourning the loss of George Foster Howell, who passed away at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y., last April, following an attack of bronchitis contracted nearly two years before. Mr. Howell was an advertising man who had been connected with marine periodicals, conspicuously the *Marine Journal*, for forty years, until his enforced retirement early in January last.

Mr. Howell was an enthusiast in the work of protecting horses from abuse, as his sensitive soul recoiled from the sights he was often compelled to witness in the streets of the metropolis. It was for years his annual custom to write a long special article for the influential *Brooklyn Eagle*, calling attention to this and many other forms of cruelty to animals and voicing a vigorous appeal for reform. He was in close touch with several humane societies, both in his own city and elsewhere, and for a long time had been especially interested in the work of the American Humane Education Society. His generosity extended to the awarding of prizes, through the *National Humane Review* and through *Our Dumb Animals*, for the best article to be written on the horse. His consecrated work for "those who cannot speak for themselves" will go on through his provision of a fund left to the American Humane Education Society. "His works do follow him."

A PLEA FOR SOFIA

WORK for the welfare of animals and for humane education, begun some two years ago in Sofia, Bulgaria, while accomplishing much, has met many obstacles. The severe experiences through which Bulgaria has had to pass and the great difficulty in raising money make us willing to present this plea to our readers in behalf of the Society there. Any funds that anyone is able to give we shall be glad to forward.

MONTANA'S WILD HORSES

IT will surprise many people to know that wild horses in vast numbers still roam over certain sections of our country. A correspondent of the *New York Times*, however, in telling of the 400,000 in Montana—the number, of course, is only a guess—says that there is nothing to be done but to have them as mercifully as possible put to death. It is a serious problem and no one knows the cruelty that may be involved in their destruction. It is reported that they eat up valuable pasture that would support 2,000,000 sheep or 800,000 cattle, that they break down fences and devastate farms.

However the problem is dealt with, it is one for the state or the Federal Government to superintend, that the suffering involved be reduced to the minimum.

The Francis Marion Hotel,
Charleston, S. C.
American Humane Education Society,
Boston, Mass.

Our Dumb Animals, sent us for our reading room, received this morning. Thanking you and assuring you it is a pleasure to put this before the public for you, I am,

Very truly yours,

W. O. CHRISTIAN,
Resident Manager

POLO PONIES

HAS Pegasus, then, visited the earth,
Borne on great pinions lyrical with thunder,
And these his foals,—this breed of racing wonder,
Fearless and free, and sensible of worth?
With flash of eye and silver gleam of girth,
They charge, now neck to neck, now wheeled
asunder,
With shining sides, small feet that scorn to blunder,

Dark nostrils trembling in their pride of birth.
Sired from the skies, they eddy down the plain,
Chestnut and black and the fast-flying dun,
And swift and strong they crowd, and tense and
fain,

Eager as fire though the last goal is won,
These wilding creatures gentled to the rein,
These little brothers of the wind and sun.

ELEANOR BALDWIN in *The Forum*

MY THOROUGHBRED

THOSE who profess to know tell us that the day of the horse is ended. Perhaps it is, but for me it will not be ended as long as anything as superb as my thoroughbred saddle mare continues to live. There is no man-made engine with the beauty and precision of movement manifested in her gait. Too proud to walk, her slowest pace is a mincing, springy singlefoot, as easy on the rider as though he were seated in a chair.

Beautiful beyond the power of mere words to describe; fiery with the spirit that would cause her to run with the last bit of strength in her body to serve the will of her master; yet withal so gentle that a child can care for her. Let us hope that the coming years may see an increase rather than a decrease in thoroughbred ranks.

ELIZABETH B. THOMAS

A WORD TO TEACHERS

SEVERAL years ago the well-known American journalist and poet, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, wrote:

"Many times I am asked why the suffering of animals seems to call forth more sympathy from me than the suffering of human beings; why I give more time and effort in this direction of charitable work than toward any other.

"My answer is, because I believe this work includes all the educational lines of reform which are needed to make a perfect circle of peace and good-will about the earth.

"A majority of the people who hear about the societies for prevention of cruelty to animals imagine the work of those societies consists in arresting and punishing cruel drivers, and in furnishing homes for vagrant animals. But these are only side issues of the main work. The real work is the education of the growing generation in kindness to all weaker and lesser creatures of earth.

"Thoughts are things. Thought is energy—thought is creative power. That is why it is important to direct the minds of human beings to good, kind, helpful thoughts."

It is therefore the aim and object of the humane education organizations in this country to instill in the minds of the boys and girls in the schools today the principles of justice, kindness and mercy to all living creatures.

M. L. H.

Humane Education Press Bureau
Box 144, Copley Square, Boston, Mass.

Humane education is the foundation of all reform.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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Prosecuting Officers in Boston

Telephone (Complaints, Ambulances) Regent 6100

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WALTER B. POPE WILLIAM ENOS

L. A. LECAIN

Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A.
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

MRS. EDITH W. CLARKE, President

MRS. LUCIUS CUMMINGS, Vice-President

MRS. A. J. FURBUSH, Treasurer

MISS HELEN W. POTTER, Secretary

MONTHLY REPORT

Cases investigated	563
Animals examined	3,446
Number of prosecutions	18
Number of convictions	14
Horses taken from work	74
Horses humanely put to sleep	64
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,209
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	71,719
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	65

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges gifts during June of \$256.10 from the Newton Junior Humane Society; \$200 from Mme. A. de C.; \$100 from R. G.; \$50 each from Miss. G. M. D., Miss E. C. W., Mrs. C. H. W., N. S. M., and Mrs. A. L. H.; \$35 from Mrs. S. L., for the endowment of a free dog kennel for one year, "in memory of Buddy"; \$30 from K. S.; \$25 each from E. E. F., L. K. L., M. I. N., F. A. D., C. A. W., Mrs. H. O. H., C. C. P., Mrs. Wm W., Jr., Mrs. G. B. B., M. S. P., L. M. Co., I. P., and H. C.; and \$20 each from F. A. D., M. W., C. F. H., "C.", F. H. L., and A. C. C.

July 14, 1925.

SOMEWHAT IN DOUBT

BEEEN hunting today, stranger?"

"Yes."

"Shot anything?"

"I don't know yet—I'm waiting for the rest of the party to get into camp so that we can call the roll." —Country Gentleman

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100

Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., Chief

R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D.

E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.

W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.

D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.

HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

FREE Dispensary for Animals

Treatment for sick or injured animals.

Hours from 2 to 4. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday, from 11 to 1.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR JUNE

Hospital	Free Dispensary		
Cases entered	651	Cases	1,354
Dogs	502	Dogs	1,105
Cats	118	Cats	223
Horses	23	Birds	20
Birds	7	Horses	4
Fox	1	Goat	1
Operations	385	Rabbit	1
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15, 49,326			
Free Dispensary cases			70,594
Total			119,920

THE HORSE IN HOT WEATHER

Seasonable Advice for Drivers

WATER often when the heat is intense, a little at a time if horse is warm; don't water too soon after feeding, and always at night after horse has eaten his supper.

When the sun is hot let horse breathe once in a while in the shade of some house or tree. Anything upon the head, to keep off the sun, is bad for the horse unless it is kept wet, or unless the air can circulate freely underneath it.

If horse stops sweating suddenly or acts strangely, breathes short and quick, or if ears droop, get him into the shade at once, remove harness and bridle, wash out his mouth, sponge all over, shower legs, and give him two ounces of aromatic spirits of ammonia, or two ounces of sweet spirits of nitre in a pint of water, or a pint of warm coffee. Cool head at once, using cold water or if necessary chopped ice wrapped in a cloth.

A hot night in a narrow stall neither properly cleaned nor bedded, unfits the horse for work.

Turning the hose on the horse is too risky a thing to do unless you are looking for a sick horse. Spraying the legs and feet when he is not too warm on a hot day will be agreeable to him.

Sponge out the eyes, nose and dock when the horse comes in tired and dusty at night with clean cool water, and also sponge under the collar and saddle of the harness.

NO VACATIONS FOR CATS

Cats do not like vacations from eating and drinking, but many have such vacations when their owners go off to have a good time for weeks or months. People are much mistaken in thinking that cats can catch mice and find scraps of food sufficient for a season. Many starve or half starve.

If a good home cannot be provided, it is far kinder to have a cat humanely put away.



WALTER M. KENDALL, OUR NEW TREASURER AND SUCCESSOR TO THE LATE EBEN. SHUTE

MR. KENDALL has been a practicing attorney for several years in Attleboro, Mass., having been connected with the legal department of the B. & M. and N. Y., N. H. & H. Railroads. He is the son of Mrs. M. J. Kendall of Nashua, N. H., formerly president of the New Hampshire Woman's Humane Society.

RELIEF OF GREATEST NEED

ALTHOUGH the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. for more than ten years has taken measures to provide water for horses that daily work on the streets of Boston, its efforts together with those of other agencies and a few thoughtful individuals, cannot offset the lack of drinking troughs and fountains which have so long been kept closed by official injunction. To relieve dire distress and actual suffering of animals during the months of July and August is an annual responsibility that has to be met. The Society has established this summer five stations where drinking water can be obtained and a man employed to assist in serving it. The stations have been located at points where team traffic is the densest. During the first twenty days drivers availed of this indispensable service more than 11,000 times. So long as present conditions obtain the appeal must be made to friends of the horse and to the humane-hearted to support a work of greatest necessity.

FOR AGED AND WEARY HORSES

THE Nevins Rest Farm for Horses in Methuen receives animals at all seasons of the year. Not only have hundreds of animals footsore and overworked to the point of exhaustion, been restored and re-conditioned by a few weeks' rest in the country, but also many others have been retired to this farm to spend their last days in ease and comfort.

The Massachusetts Society has a horse vacation fund for the benefit of needy animals whose owners are unable to pay their board. Contributions to this fund are always welcomed. Seven dollars pays for the board of one horse at the Farm for two weeks.

NEPENTHE

JENNIFER STEWART

WHEN all life's blunders have been forgiven,
And light-foot over the stars I pass,
Oh, let me go to the horses' heaven,
Where soft winds ripple the lush, long grass!

From icy pavements where—struggling, falling—
A bullet's sting brought their torture, peace;
From blazing suns and from yokes too galling;
From thirst and hunger—at last, release.

Their drooping heads, and their eyes' dull sadness,
Forever asking, unanswered, "Why?"—
Have found swift youth, and lost plains of gladness;
These shall inherit the wind-swept sky.

Let me but watch, in some daisied meadow
While free hoofs thunder across a lea
Of crystal springs, and of willow-shadow . . .
That will be heaven enough for me.

HORSES ANSWER LAST CALL

THE last three horses of the Washington, D. C., Fire Department were retired from active service in June. Their passing out of the ranks was marked by a most fitting ceremony. A final run was staged before the fire commissioner and other officials of the entire department, and a motion picture was taken which will be shown in the news reels. Fire gongs in all the district engine houses announced their last response and fire companies stood at attention for one minute, as a mark of respect to the equine veterans who now give way to motorized, fire-fighting apparatus at the national capital.

PAPA," said the small son, "what do they mean by college-bred? Is it different from any other kind of bread?"

"My son," said the father, "it's a four-years' loaf." —Evansville *Crescent*.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

Wild Horses

FRANK HAMPTON FOX

WHEN I was a boy, it was my ambition to own a good saddle horse. After hard work and careful saving I was able to gratify my desire. Some horse dealers brought to our town a drove of horses which they were selling at a very moderate price. I climbed up and sat on the corral fence and looked over the horses trying to pick my purchase. A dark iron-gray filly moved gracefully across the corral as if to exhibit her beauty. Her arched neck with wavy mane, her slender limbs marked her as the horse I longed to possess.

The horse dealer, seeing my boyish admiration for the animal, let me have her for fifty dollars, though his price was seventy-five. No piece of property has ever given me the joy in possessing it that I enjoyed in the ownership of that young mare. I romped with her, petted her until she became real fond of me. One thing she enjoyed most of all was lumps of loaf sugar, which I used to feed her out of my hand. When she was feeding in the pasture, I used to go to the gate and call "Gipsy," holding out my hand with a few lumps of sugar on my palm. Gipsy would throw up her head, sniff, whinny, and come loping to me. I had to watch that she did not run against me in her wild race. She would munch the sugar from my hand while I stroked her neck and talked to her, as a boy will to the beast he loves.

When Gipsy had finished licking my hand so that no speck of sweetness remained, she let me put the bridle on, and leaping on her back, she would gallop away in evident glee. Once I fell off as she leaped a ditch. Gipsy returned and stood over me rubbing my face with her nose until I recovered my breath and was ready to remount. I drive a big automobile now, but I never have felt such exhilarating thrills as those I enjoyed on the back of Gipsy as she sped over hill and plain.

One spring I was sick for several weeks. As soon as I could walk out to the pasture, I went with some lumps of sugar, anticipating a happy meeting with my pet.

I called, but there was no answering whinny. With tear-dimmed eyes I scanned the pasture in vain for my Gipsy. She was gone!

Since then fire and bank failure have swept away my savings, but no loss has ever brought the heartache that I, a sick lad, felt that day when I discovered that my pet horse, the only piece of property that I possessed, was gone. I crept back to the house and refused to be comforted for my loss. There might be other horses equally good and valuable, but Gipsy was my chum. I loved her and believed that she had a real affection for me.

Days passed and I grew stronger and in some measure had begun to accept my loss with a degree of resignation. I believed some miscreant had stolen my Gipsy, forcing her against her will to leave me. I often wondered if she was being well treated and whether she ever thought of me.

Then one evening a neighbor rode up to our door and called to me.

"Frank," he said, "I saw your horse today." My heart leaped with joy. "Where?" I asked.

"She's gone back to the drove of wild horses down on the river bottom."

"Are you sure that you saw my Gipsy?" I asked, in incredulity.

"Yes, I know her very well; few iron-gray horses have three black feet and one white one."

"Where can I find her?" I asked.

"Find her, boy, don't you know when a horse goes back to the wild drove they're gone for good and all," he answered.

"Please tell me where she is, I shall go after her. If I can find her, she'll come back to me."

He smiled at my boyish infatuation and enthusiasm. Finally, seeing how much in earnest I was, he said, "It's a mighty long ride, seventeen miles to where they were today. By tomorrow they'll likely be twenty miles from there."

That night, when I told the family of my intended trip they demurred and tried to dissuade me from undertaking so exhausting a journey when I had not fully recovered my strength. Finally, seeing I would not be dissuaded, they ceased arguing with me.

I lay awake till late in the night, thinking over my journey and how best to win my horse back from the wild drove she had joined. Finally, I decided to reach the vicinity of the wild drove near the noon hour; for I knew that all animals like to be quiet at midday. They lie down or stand in little groups during the warm part of the day. I could more easily get Gipsy's attention at such a time than when the ears of the whole drove were alert to catch every sound. Their fright would probably stampede Gipsy into following them in their wild flight from man. Therefore I must manage to get her attention undistracted by the drove.

The next morning I put a few strips of jerked beef in my pocket to chew on during the day, and set off before the family was up. The ride along the steep, winding trail, over the hills, then down onto the river bottom, was long and tiresome. At the foot of the hill a spring of cold water sparkling leaped forth, inviting the weary traveler to alight



WATER-CART IN CUBA

and quench his thirst. I dismounted and climbed down the steep descent to the spring from which a stream of water rushed down toward the river miles away.

I was surprised to see the signs of many horses' hoofs in moist earth around the spring and the stream flowing from it. I knelt down to drink, then I stopped suddenly. There in the moist sand at the edge of the spring was the print of a horseshoe. Only one animal among all that had trampled the ground around the spring had a shoe.

I was so happy over this discovery that I almost forgot to drink. I felt sure those tracks—so many of them—were made by the wild drove of horses among whom my Gipsy had found refuge in her loneliness when she did not know what had become of her friend.

I was convinced that the wild horses had come to the spring to drink after their morning's graze. That being the case, they would not go far. Somewhere under the shade of the broad-spreading cottonwood trees they were resting in little groups, for the trees stood some distance apart.

Remounting my horse, I rode forward cautiously, peering in all directions through the trees and undergrowth for a sight of the wild horses.

Near noon I discovered Gipsy with three other horses under a big cottonwood, some distance to my right. Their heads were down in the drowsy fashion of horses on a warm day. They were switching flies and occasionally rubbing their noses against each other's necks.

I dismounted, tied my horse, and crept cautiously forward without so much as breaking a twig. When I was near enough to be clearly heard, I stepped out into the open, called "Gipsy," extending my hand, palm upward, with several lumps of sugar in sight. The other horses jumped, flung their heads up, snorted, turned and fled. Gipsy started to follow them. I called again, "Gipsy!" She stopped, sniffed the air, gave a low whinny and started cautiously toward me.

She did not run to me as in the good old days, yet she came slowly, sniffing the air. Her ears were extended forward, every faculty alert. When a few yards from me she stopped, sniffed, pawed the ground, and stamped her feet. After observing those primitive precautions of her wild ancestors, she seemed to be assured of safety and again advanced.

During all this time I continued to call "Gipsy, come Gipsy!" When near enough to reach my hand she nipped a lump of sugar from me and drew back to eat it. I did not attempt to follow her, but gave her time to taste the sugar and for her appetite to call for more. Then she came forward and took another lump. That time she did not draw back. She gave a little nervous start when I laid my hand on her neck as of old. However, it was only for an instant. She arched her shapely neck to be stroked. I wanted to seize her and make sure that she never would get away from me; but I knew I must play fair with her if she was ever to be mine again on the old friendly basis. So I held out my hand for her to lick after the last lump of sugar was gone. Then, cautiously, so as not to show the excitement I felt at having my pet near enough to touch again, I raised the bridle, which she permitted me to put on her.

She became a little shy and trembled when the bridle had been buckled on; but I continued to talk with her and to stroke her neck. Then I patted her back and leaned my head

against her neck. She reached around and rubbed her nose against me as in the old days before she answered the call of the wild. When she had satisfied herself concerning my identity, I leaped on her back and she started for the trail that led back home.

Returning to where I had left the other horse, I transferred the saddle to Gipsy, remounted her and led the other horse.

Just as the sun was sinking behind the western hills I rode up to our gate. The neighbor who had told me where Gipsy had gone had come over to our house on an errand. He stared with open mouth as I rode up. When he had regained sufficient self-control to speak, he exclaimed, "Frank, you're a wonder. How did you do it?"

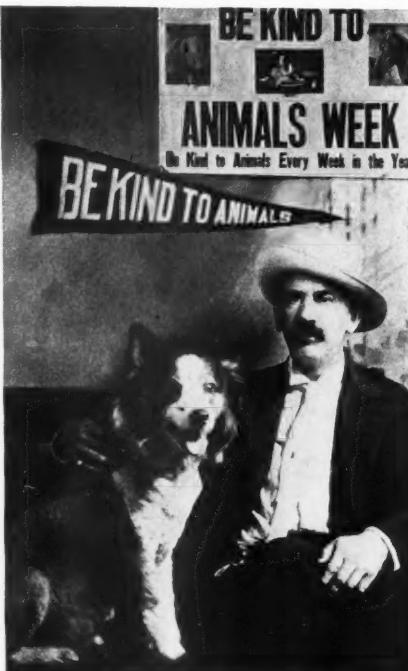
"With a few lumps of sugar," I answered.

"Sugar nothin', don't tell me that you caught that mare out of the wild drove with a few lumps of sugar."

"That's just what I did," I replied.

"Well, you ought to be a horse tamer," he answered, with wonder and incredulity in his eyes.

Gipsy never ran away again. I think she learned to love my kind treatment and to have a real affection for the one who went after her and brought her back from the wild drove.



HENRY F. LEWITH, CHARLESTON, S. C., "ORIGINAL" BE KIND TO ANIMALS PROMOTER AND HIS LOVABLE COLLIE "BEAUTY"

WHETHER at home, at the seashore, the country, or wherever you may be, spread the gospel of kindness to animals. Don't forget your obligations to the dumb animals during your summer vacation.

MORE food animals were slaughtered in the United States last year than ever before. The total was 119,980,500, or about 1.1 for every man, woman, and child in the country.

A BIRD FALLS

A HUNTER fired a gun with telling skill, His mark a bird, which fluttered to a mound, Rolled o'er and died without complaint or sound, A fluff of feathers and an open bill The relic of this speck of life, a thrill The less on earth, where cruel lusts abound, A tiny bit of energy a-grown, A gem to Beauty lost, a voice now still, Yet Truth and Beauty will reflect their light Until the heedless are a vanquished throng, And blood lust shall no more the world benight, When men who kill for sport shall sense the wrong, And know the shot that stops the finch's flight Kills not a bird, but more—a Song.

—The Critic

A PLEA FOR MORE BIRDS

CHARLES G. PLUMMER

IF there were no other argument for the conservation of our wild bird life than the one demanding economic administration of national affairs concerning them, I would be perfectly satisfied that the cause of the birds would win in any court in Christendom. So sure am I of the reasonableness of the growing boys and girls who are about to step out into life to undertake its conquest, that I believe all they need is to have a moment's time given them for consideration of the value of enlistment in the army of conservation and construction, that declares its purpose to be to save rather than to waste, when they will command the economic activity in which they are urged to take part and thus keep the wolf away from the door for all time to come.

Protection from invasion by insect hordes is the agriculturist's only hope. The natural enemy of all insect life is the bird life with which we were once so generously surrounded. When we consider that this country now exists upon about ten per cent of the bird life that was here less than 450 years ago, it does not seem as though it ought to be necessary to urge measures to build rather than to tear down—does it?

I wonder how many ever stopped to think that if the entire bird life of the world were to be destroyed the vegetation upon which we depend wholly for life would be eaten in about three years. So rapidly do insects multiply that one is unable to grasp the enormity of the figures setting forth the truth. For instance, let me take one instance in which Riley says that the hop aphid develops thirteen generations in a year, and at the end of the twelfth generation there will be ten sextillions of individuals. Our American naturalist, Forbush, says: "If this brood were marshaled into line, ten to the inch, it would extend to a point so sunk in the profundity of space that light from the head of the procession traveling at the rate of 184,000 miles per second would require 2,500 years in which to reach the earth!"

Insects destroy more than \$1,000,000,000 worth of fruit and cereals every year. Birds eat insects!

A bird in the bush sings sweeter than two birds on a woman's bonnet.

A new idea has dawned upon the world. It is that animals have a right to physical and mental comfort, and that the infliction of unnecessary suffering upon them is selfish, cowardly and criminal.

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
4. An imitation gold badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies

Bands of Mercy are implanting and fostering in the minds of the young the great principles of justice and kindness towards every form of life, human and animal. They are quickening and inculcating that spirit of chivalry and humanity which characterizes the best citizenship of the world, whose influence and leading will finally put an end to wars, and steadfastly prevent lawlessness and cruelty.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

One hundred and seventy-one new Bands of Mercy were reported in June. Of these, 93 were in schools of Rhode Island; 26 in schools of Texas; 24 in schools of Virginia; 17 in schools of Canada; two each in schools of Massachusetts, New Jersey, Ohio and Washington; and one each in Maine, Connecticut and Tennessee.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 151,474



AN AERIAL REFUGE

THE cat in this picture sought safety in flight. She was being desperately pursued by a dog, but successfully eluded him by climbing up the small pole, a distance of some twelve feet. The dog was forced to halt at the foot of the pole and cannot be seen. When he had given up the chase and departed, the cat came down of her own accord. Mr. David P. Valley of Fairhaven, Mass., happened to witness the performance and thought it made a most unique picture.

FROM A JUNIOR LEAGUE

Martin School, Boston, Mass.
June 23, 1925.

Secretary S. P. C. A.:

We, the children of the Martin School, grade seven, room eight, are closing our Junior Humane League meetings today. We opened our first meeting on April 15, 1925, at 3 o'clock. With our dues we bought a picture called "Saved," painted by Landseer, for our room. We are sending a dollar to help you in your work for the animals.

Sincerely yours,

MARGARET TOWER,
Secretary, Junior Humane League.

ANOTHER APPRECIATION

Editor *Our Dumb Animals*:

For several years we have been receiving each month twelve copies of *Our Dumb Animals*. We very much appreciate these magazines, and our nurses are glad to have them to take into the homes.

Sometimes we wonder who is our donor. We should be very glad to thank personally the one who gives us this subscription, or to have you pass this letter on to that person. We feel that the magazine is not only entertaining and interesting, but instructive and educational for our children, and we are very glad to be kept on your list.

Thanking you for what you are doing for our dumb animals, and wishing your association success, I am Gratefully yours,

MARY GRACE HILLS
Superintendent, Visiting Nurse Association, New Haven, Conn.

CURING SICK GOLDFISH

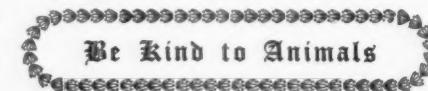
L. E. EUBANKS

GOLDFISH are not as hardy as is generally supposed, and many fine specimens are lost because of ignorance on the owner's part. When these fish are kept in aquariums they are liable to suffer from a curious disease known as fungus growth. This takes the form of a spreading white deposit. As the growth increases the fish becomes listless and disinclined to swim. It will certainly die unless curative measures are taken as soon as the white coating is noticed.

Give the fish a salt bath—this is one of the best ways for combatting fungus growth. Prepare a rather strong solution of common salt and water, allowing a heaped tablespoon of salt to each pint of water. When the salt has all dissolved, put the mixture into a bowl.

Now catch the fish, using a net if he evades your hand. Handling the "patient" very gently, put it in the bowl of salt water and leave it there for about three minutes. Then put it into a bowl of fresh water, and make this change several times—allowing from two to three minutes in each bowl.

When the fish is replaced in the aquarium it will almost immediately show improvement, more life and activity, and will continue to gain—the white coat disappearing meantime. If any of the growth remains stubbornly, or threatens to return after it has gone, a second bath should be given in the same way. The treatment should not be repeated too frequently, however, as it then becomes injurious to the goldfish.



A 100 PER CENT HUMANE SOCIETY

THE University Place School, Tacoma, Washington, has the distinction of a 100 per cent enrollment in the Band of Mercy. It is an unusual record for the entire student body to respond with such enthusiasm for humane organization. This school is located at Lemon's Beach, a suburb of the city, and comprises a large, scattered district from



REUBEN BERG, HUMANE SCOUT

which numerous complaints of cruelty are made, many of the residents going away during the summer and leaving their animals at home to suffer and starve. In the light of these facts, this school Band decided to appoint one of the older boys of their number to act as a humane scout for the territory, making it his duty to prevent, as far as possible, all acts of cruelty, to advise people to leave their animals with those who would be responsible for them during the summer vacation, and to teach the value of kindness to animals, and report to his Band regularly.

For this position Reuben Berg, a thirteen-year-old member, was unanimously chosen by the school as the most eligible boy for the position. It is with pleasure that we publish his photograph, and we believe that he has the best of qualifications for carrying out the plan which the children of the University Place School have so successfully launched. There are thousands of places where alert and active young humane workers could render fine service in summer by adopting this same plan.

INDIAN BOYS HAVE IT

FROM the Librarian of the United States Indian School at Santa Fé, New Mexico, Mary E. Dissette, we have received the following:

"Our Indian boys are naturally very fond of animals and just like other boys in their thoughtless treatment of them. They are so fond of *Our Dumb Animals* that they very often carry off copies from the reading room or mutilate them in order to get a picture which they like. We find the influence of your magazine very helpful and could not get along without it. Very sincerely yours."



CHILDREN'S PAGE

"PETIE" WAS A FOUNDLING



he is a distinctly recognized and admired individual to all our guests.

We are very grateful to the Angell Animal Hospital for having made "Petie" accessible to us, and this letter carries with it our warm thanks, and our good wishes for the continued success of the wonderful humane work of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

ALICE R. PENNYPACKER

WHO WAS THE JOKE ON?

A FARMER had just built a big barn. One day as he was setting off for town he told his two boys to cut a small hole in one of the sides so that the cat could get in or out at will.

The boys cut a hole just beside the big barn door, but when the farmer returned and saw it he was much displeased.

"Why can't I depend on you boys to do a single thing right?" he exclaimed angrily. "Don't you know that hole is in the wrong place?"

"Why?" asked the boys.

The farmer fairly snorted. Leaping from the buggy, he seized the barn door and swung it open, and, of course, it covered the aperture.

"Now where is your cat hole?" he shouted. "How in the name of sense can the cat get into the barn when the door's open?"

TELLING SECRETS



THIS little fellow is Elwin Carr, who is very fond of his friend "Bossy." He is the two-year-old son of Dr. and Mrs. Harry N. Carr of Southwick, Mass. "Bossy" is one of twin calves and had to be brought up on the bottle. Little Elwin seems to be whispering a secret to his friend, but at any rate takes great delight in seeing that his four-footed companion does not go hungry.

ROVER'S TRICKS

P. T.

ONE time I saw some animals act—
I liked that show a lot—
Dogs, horses, tigers, elephants,
And some that I've forgot.

But since I've heard my uncle say
They're taught most cruelly,
And act just so 'cause they're afraid,
It's spoiled such shows for me.

I'd rather see my Rover's tricks—
He can't add two and two,
Nor read the clock—I wonder how
He knows when school is through.

He always meets me on the way,
And lots of fun have we,
For when I throw him sticks and things
He brings them back to me.

Perhaps you'd say his tricks aren't much,
But anyway I know
He doesn't do them 'cause he's 'fraid,
But 'cause he loves me so.

Plant the seeds of kindness everywhere you go,
In the days that follow they will grow and grow.



GOING TO MARKET IN NORMANDY

Orchard Orioles—A Decade

L. A. HODGES

A BELATED frost had blackened the pioneer buds of the persimmon tree, but if the orchard oriole saw aught of ill omen in the blighted sprouts, he gave no sign. Perched a-top the uppermost bough, he sang a ringing roundelay that was as audaciously rich as the tropics from which he had newly come.

Many orchard orioles have "bided for a season" on or about my lawn, but none whose song has seemed so persistent or quite so polished as that of the chestnut-and-black fellow who sang from the frost-bitten persimmon tree that April morning ten years ago. His mate, modestly attired in pale olive-green, put in her appearance a few days later. The pair chose the twiggy top of an elm, which stood thirty feet from my house, for the nest-site, and successfully reared their young, a brood of four.

He returned the next spring, winging out of the tropics tuned to his accustomed high musical pitch. The familiar song got me out early. He sat perkily in the tallest elm, whipping the rosy dawn with earnest abandon. Two weeks later, a shaft of green grass in the bill of the olive-green mate foretold that again the nest would be in one of the elms, but on the lowest bough and precisely seven feet above ground. I did not see the gaily attired male bring material for the nest. Of course he winged importantly about. And he sang! a feathered Amphion, with compelling song marshaling the walls of an arboreal Thebes!

The pensile nest was of woven grass, lined with cotton. Though the nest was tantalizingly accessible, I looked into it just once: a delicious peep into dainty depths at four serenely reposed eggs—eggs of an exquisite pale-blue with delicate markings of dull ruby. In the meantime there was no let up in the song of the jubilant male. Indeed, while the nest was being built and during the period that the eggs were in process of incubation, he was at his musical best.

He liked, while singing, to sit "a-tilt among the leaves" on a high twig; and sometimes would sing for ten minutes at a stretch from the same perch. To insure against monotony he freely interchanged his notes, varying their order with almost every song. Besides the rounded fullness and in spite of its spirited sprightliness, his song was always delivered with a certain slowness of measure. He was ardently conscientious in the matter of his music-making!

Though he lent his mate no helping "claw" in building the nest, let it not be imagined that he allowed the burden of feeding the brand-new babes to fall wholly upon the mother. He rallied 'round between songs; though for every tidbit that he carried to the nest, his willing mate countered with six or more.

After the young had left the nest and until the end of July he sang, though with lessening frequency; while there crept, I fancied, a perfunctory accent into his notes—a hint that his instinct was a-stir with intimations of other climes.

The hand of tragedy may have touched him; though I like to think that desire for a change shunted him to a new breeding ground. Be that as it may, the exuberant singer did not return again. A gay fellow, whose olive-green coat and black "cravat" proclaimed him a rollicking blade of a one-year-old, came to the lawn the next spring. His notes, a pleas-

ing whistle, lacked the sustained richness that was so much a feature of his successor's exquisite song. His favorite perch was a large oak whose ample branches he chose apparently with an eye to the roominess afforded in the open, scraggly boughs. One imagines that he demanded range for his efforts. He delivered his imperfect song industriously, often as many as eight times a minute, and with an engaging optimism. Far from displaying chagrin when an old orchard oriole sent forth a half dozen fascinatingly perfect songs from a neighboring tree, he deigned not so much as a halt in his series of whistles. "Never mind your neighbor," then, "Sing, if you would learn to sing," seemed the purport of his oft-repeated notes.

The young gallant did not return. Four years passed; then there appeared a jaunty trig, chestnut-and-black sprite, whose song was a veritable whirlwind. He was quite contemptuous of all vocal speed limits. It took him just half as much time to deliver his song—that is, he rapped out twice as many notes in a given interval, as any of his neighbors.

One of his contemporaries—he frequented a small stream a few hundred yards away—was a laggard, or worse. He had the unfortunate habit of quitting his song half-way. With a fine show of good faith he would begin his ringing whistle, then, in the middle of the promised song, would abruptly stop. His next two or three songs he would carry happily through, then follow with two or three unfinished songs. This was not the mood of a day or a week. It was a fixed characteristic.

The dilatory song of the "brook-ite" and the rapid-fire notes of my "lawn-dweller" presented an extraordinary contrast indeed.

The rapid-fire singer proved himself a worthwhile individual in many ways. He fed the young almost as dutifully as did the female; and when it came to guarding the nest he was a regular Horatius-at-the-bridge.

But his pet aversion was blue-jays. When one of those snooping rascals appeared, there was instant action—on the one hand indomitable attack, on the other precipitate retreat. Though the blue-jay is almost double the orchard oriole in size, at the latter's attack the guilty jay invariably turned tail and fled.

However, the martial singer came very near "dying by the sword." There were cherries a-plenty in my back yard, but, very humanly, he fared forth to poach. An irate cherry-grower accounted, shot-gun-wise, for a flock of cedar wax-wings, and on the same day the orchard oriole turned up with a "bob"—no tail at all. In two or three weeks he had grown himself another. Losing a tail to a shotgun apparently was one of the smaller things of life.

He returned again the next spring, his notes as racing, spirits high and courage as fine as of yore. The grass-woven nest was placed in the persimmon tree. Three yellow-clad youngsters were reared; and again the inevitable journey south.

That was last year. This spring a pair of orioles have a nest in one of the elms. The male is a lively fellow. He wears the olive-green coat and black "cravat" of the youthful male and he has wonderful promise of song.

But I listened for the winnowing song of last year's singer in vain. He who for two seasons launched his pell-mell notes from the elms did not return.

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

An Annuity Plan

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, Charles G. Bancroft, vice-president of the First National Bank of Boston, Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, and John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guarantee of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject, and will be glad to furnish all further details. Write for "Life Annuities," a pamphlet which will be sent free.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other Society of a similar character.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, to The American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Founded by Geo. T. Angell in 1868

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue.

TERMS

One dollar per year. Postage free to all parts of the United States.

Humane Societies and Agents are invited to correspond with us for terms on large orders.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Associate Annual	\$5 00
Associate Life	50 00	Branch	1 00
Active Annual	10 00	Children's	1 00

For each five dollars contributed to either Society, the giver is entitled to have two copies of *Our Dumb Animals*, additional to his own, sent to any persons whose addresses are mailed to us.

Checks and other payments may be sent to WALTER M. KENDALL, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

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